Further I say, and further will maintaine
Vpon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plotte the Duke of Glosters death,
Suggest his soone beleeuing aduersaries,
And consequently like a Traitour Coward,
Sluc'te out his innocent soule through streames of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing *Abels*, cryes,
Euen from the tongueless Cauerns of the earth,
To me for iustice, and rough chastisement:
And by the glorious worth of my discent,
This Arme shall do it, or this Life be spent.

King. How high a pitch his resolution soares?
Thomas of Norfolke, what sayst thou to this?

Mowb. Oh let my Soueraigne turne away his face,
And bid his eares a little while be deafe,
Till I haue told this slaunder of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate so foule a lyer.

King. Mowbray, impartiall are our eyes and eares,
Were he my Brother; nay, my kingdomes Heire,
As he is but my fathers brothers Sonne,
Now by Scepters awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour neerenes to our sacred blood,
Should nothing priuiledge him, nor partialize
The vnstooping firmenesse of my vpright soule:
He is our subiect Mowbray, so art thou;
Free speech and fearelesse I to thee allow.

Mowb. Then Bullingbrooke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat thou lyest:
Three partes of that receipt I had for Callice,
Disburst I to his highnesse Souldiours;
The other part reseru'de I, by consent,
For that my Soueraigne liege was in my debt,
Vpon remainder of a deare account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his Queene:
Now swallow downe that lie. For Glocesters death:
I slew him not, but to mine owne disgrace
Neglected my sworne duetie in that case:
For you my noble Lord of Lancaster,

Line 30 Disburst I duly to . . . to my own.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22311) LONDON, 1609 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY